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The JAMESTOWN PRINCESS

Anna Cunningham Cole

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The Jamestown Princess

Pocahontas Legends

Souvenir Edition

Portrait by

M. Louise Smith

Written and Published by

Anna Cunningham Cole

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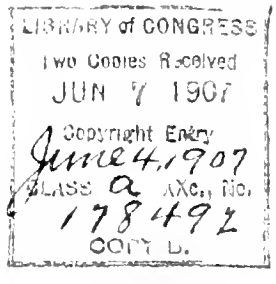
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I'm a Jamestown maid,
  And I'm not afraid
To greet all nations of earth
  My home's by the sea,
My flag is liberty,
  And I'm proud of the land of my birth.

1607 1907

Dedicated

To the friends, who, while
I journeyed through life's
rugged forest, planted ten-
der sprigs of ivy, and so
covered rough places.

—*Anna Cunningham Cole*

1907 1607

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The Jamestown Princess

WELCOME.

Life, full of changes, brings circles of years,
'Round its circumference is heard sighs and tears.
Its surface is covered with progress and art;
Intellectual improvements of mind's busy mart.
Hand-clasped with the Past our welcome we bring,
To men of each nation, a peasant and king:
For a peasant can reap from our home golden store,
Independence, contentment: can kings wish for more?
And kings may find virtue, faith, honor and zeal,
Colonial-links our Commonwealth's seal.
We'll walk through the valley where dry bones have lain,
Breathe o'er them in reverence, hope's influence again,
'Till each radiant shadow from the Past holds to view
On time's hazy mirror some forms always true.
We'll catch a south wind from James' rippling shore,
Give life to each figure they'll live as of yore.
They come offering "Welcome" to this home our fond pride,
Where true-hearted patriots labored and died.
The hand of the old grasps the youth with full power,
Oblivion for discord and strife at this hour.
Just a hearty good-will is extended, don't wait,
True WELCOME is written on VIRGINIA'S broad gate.

A TRIBUTE.

'Tis not too late to show the many deeds
That circling years have placed beside our shore;
Great solid oaks, from even smallest seeds,
Have grown to give protection ever more.

Before we lay upon this memory shrine
Sincere tribute for an untold worth,
We'll retrospective find in History's mine
Advantage gained that has enriched the earth.

An Aaron's rod we'll lay upon the past,
Blossom and bud what makes our Country's good.
Improvements many have much progress cast,
For grandeur towers where rude hamlets stood.

The early settlers weary with the day,
Of work and duty done for all mankind,
Sought river-banks where tides and dashing spray
Made soothing music for the tired mind:

Now, when man seeks at home or broad highway,
. Some pleasures rare his satiate powers to lave,
Strains, gentle, tender, lull him lay by lay,
'Till cares are lost in one orchestral wave.

The artist's soul in that primeval day,
Saw in the clay that formed his hillside land
In embryo, forms that brook decay,
And shaped each line with an inerring hand.

Time plodded on, and art took many leaps,
A work that's good can never retrograde,
A master hand works while the human sleeps,
Chiseling Madonnas from their marble shade.

Rocking the cradle of a sleeping child,
West's artist soul saw the first streaks of dawn,
Whose silvery smiles were only angels mild,
Ushering to us a new, delightful morn

Only a sketch of innocence, yet great
Enough to lead to honors proudly won;
Kings did him homage, nations knew his rate,
And critics praised his work as nobly done.

The singing shell, tossed careless on the shore,
  Hums of a faith that Fulton held supreme,
Urges persistent courage more and more,
  And bids him hasten to fulfil his dreams.

Pause, break the shell, and from its inner ear,
  Is heard the steaming of a mighty van,
Whose echo causes warships to appear
  Commanded by a steady, faithful clan.

The wild flowers nestling by the hillside mold,
  Gives true delight to those of modest mein,
Unmindful that the lilly tall and bold,
  In other homes asserts itself the queen.

The simple rose gives pleasure greater far
  Than all the wealth that golden mines can yield,
Still progress marches with its mighty car,
  Crushes the rose, with orchids paint our shield

Our Princess' act, her basket filled with corn,
  Hurrying to share with those she deemed her foe,
Was but the germ from her crude nature born,
  That in our State has never ceased to grow.

We stretch our hands to nations far and wide,
  We'll share our growth and joyously we'll greet
The many people, which each coming tide
  Will bring, and lay our treasures at their feet.

Our new home knew the wonder of the creed
  Whose subtle magic swayed with potent skill
The people, who of truth had known the need
  To worship God with independent will.

The rays of light issuing from the tent
  Where prayers ascended from a little band,
Until each heart was filled with pure content,
  Proved shafts of light from our primeval land.

Each shaft has broadened, at its base is found
  Courage and grief cemented with sad tears:
Each sorrow shows God's love the whole earth 'round
  His temples free, man worships without fears.

Pine trees the breast-works in colonial days,
  Nature's protection for her valiant clan;
Now forts impregnable mark the ways,
  Duty's shield and strength for each and every man.

The officers, who proudly led each corps,
  Held honors for a victory nobly won;
But, faithful soldiers, feet and body sore,
  Gained every battle, standing son by son.

A rugged cross, on undeveloped soil,
  Shows the first epoch of a mighty race:
This loving sign, straight from the heart of God
  To bless mankind, proves His eternal grace.

This Old Dominion wields a Christian power
  Crosses are found on every temple bold.
Their arms show God's protection every hour;
  Good-will and love are lessons in His fold.

The mind, whose strength held back the club of woe,
  Was fashioned by a skill whose mighty power
Gave charity and hope to every foe,
  And gave assistance in our darkest hour.

Smith lay a helpless victim without friend,
  Nothing to shield him from an angry band;
No one to save. Must life in darkness end?
  The hope of nations die by savage hand?

No, He who orders every passing day,
And bade the rainbow tell when storms were o'er;
An angel fashioned from a heart of clay
And saved our leader on Virginia's shore.

She gained our home, her will improvements brought,
And grateful hearts demand of time an hour,
To place an offering full of loving thought
For Pocahontas, our Jamestown dower.

OUR PRINCESS.

In God's plan of creation
  There is always a way,
To awake from night's darkness
  Life's glorious day.

There is always a star
  In the dreariest night,
To lead weary mortals
  To a haven of light.

There is always a thought
  Altruistic and pure,
That seeks some good point
  To redeem and endure.

The thought here was born
  In the heart of a girl,
Unknown and unlettered,
  Just nature's rare pearl.

Light came to our dusky maiden
  Where pine trees guarded well
Her cradled home of beech boughs,
  Whose swaying seemed the bell

That chimed a tender music,
  Of forest, flower and plain,
Forming chords harmonious,
  Gone, ere you catch their refrain.

She'd led her nation's war-dance,
  Without dream of harm or care,
The blossoming buds of spring time
  She wreathed around her glossy hair;

Painted her limbs fantastic,
  Circled the forest green,
And her proud and royal bearing
  Proclaimed her nature's queen.

Her soul was thoughtful and earnest,
  Tho' of obscure savage strain;
Love's gentle pulse of creation
  Throbbed pity for any in pain.

The arrow pierced deer of the woodland
Before he quivered and died;
The wail of the flying cohonks
When to distant homes they hied

Gave her sorrow, pain and anguish;
Filled with sympathy her mind,
Tore from her every impulse
Whose result would be unkind.

Such God-taught feelings made her
A character noble, grand,
Whose marks are lights to guide us
While on this earthly strand.

Like a star, from the Past she flashes
True worth to enrich mankind;
Her unconscious deeds of goodness
Reflect a wonderful mind.

For she seemed to peer through the ages,
Glimpsing improvements to come,
Through imperfect mental lenses,
Came to her vision, our home.

Nobly she watched and guarded,
  Braved danger and death to save
Our cherished home, Loved VIRGINIA,
  From ruin, oblivion's grave.

So we'll cherish her memory ever.
  Pocahontas was faithful and true.
In bronze she is guarding our cradle,
  And speaks of the Past now to you.

POCAHONTAS.

Somewhere in the archives eternal
  There's a casket—God holds the key
Treasured in it are the heart throbs
  Of mercy and humility.

Whenever the casket is opened
  The faces of faithful are shown;
They smile on us with their rare goodness,
  Filling our lives with love's tone.

Perhaps you may find with these jewels
  That are flashing with high polished light,
A rough, tiny stone from time's forest
  Whose value will gladden your sight.

A rare, priceless gem, without setting;
  Only one of the kind ever known.
It flashed in the crown of Virginia,
  Then brightened the great white throne.

So, safe in the archives eternal
  Is treasured this gem of great worth,
And nations know well that this jewel
  'Mid the wilds of Virginia, found birth.

THE DEER.

I take from my quiver an arrow.
'Twas the sceptre of many years,
That have passed away in silence,
Yet shine with memory's tears.

Propelled from the forest sapling,
Its bow-shot holds a span,
Centuries three are numbered
In the busy life of man.

The triangular head of this sceptre
Points to ancient lands war torn;
It is scrolled on bricks at Babylon
Persepolis' marble is worn,

With its image, and the fragments
Scaled from each ancient wall,
Carries the form of this sceptre,
Wielding power and order for all.

The deer held full possession,
And gloried in his wealth.
He kingly ruled his province;
None entered, even by stealth.

He ventured from security,
From his own forest glade,
And paused beside the river
Ere light began to fade.

An arrow swiftly found him,
And made a deadly sting;
The braves his body carried
In triumph, to their king.

Placing it before him,
A reward they sought to gain,
For dearly liked those warriors
To give the white face pain.

That day their king, in anger,
Had placed John Smith in bands—
The pioneer, the Adam of
Our united lands.

The little band of English
  Were suffering and forlorn;
So John Smith sought the Red man,
  To get his people corn.

Failing in his mission,
  His anger quickly grew,
When he found himself surrounded
  By the ugly, savage crew.

He carried in his pocket
  A compass as a guide;
His captors saw and wondered
  No evil could betide

Him, for he possessed a charm.
  They were afraid to kill,
So led him to King Powhatan
  To show his mighty skill.

Unseen influence saved him.
  He was watched by God's great power.
Who caused love's tender blossom
  To bloom in kingly bower.

Woman's soul caught the fragrance;
She plead for mercy till
She swayed the mind of her father,
And forced his iron will.

HOME.

Infinite mind beheld a race of kings,
Fierce men of valor, so tradition says,
And from His vast possessions sought a place—
A fitting home where they might pass their days.
The Indian's home, his sacred hunting place,
Seemed worthy offering for this chosen race.

A master hand had formed that forest home,
Where freemen lived without a thought of harm;
Each man a leader by God's just decree,
Watched o'er and shielded by His righteous arm.
All was provided for their use and good—
Water, air and forest furnished food.

Their past is sad, for where the freeman's song
Shouted fullest joy, now sounds the mournful wail
Of buried hopes, of death and blood and woe,
That drove them wanderers to a Western gale.
Now the white man rules, and his brother's past
Is lost to him in future bugle's blast.

Those happy days when Powhatan ruled all
Glow with a charm that time alone can fade::
Progress and art have built their temples grand
O'er warriors sleeping in death's silent shade.
Each foot of earth where Indians ruled supreme
Blooms with new beauty to enrich my theme.

This sylvan home knew no discordant tone.
Morn, noon and twilight found a peaceful band,
Enjoying life, content to act the part
Mapped out by Wisdom's never-failing hand.
They worked and labored, never stopped to lag,
Long tasseled corn-tops waved their wigwam flag.

The waving fields of grain were restless seas,
Whose yield brought plenty and enough to spare.
Cyclonic came a cruel wind, whose strength
Swept all, and left those grain fields torn and bare:
Above the ruin came the Divine command,
"March on, my chosen race, possess the land."

This forest home we hold by might to-day,
From North to South, from East to West, I say,
Is shown the influence that shaped our course

Of minds that gave the laws which rule our day.
America, like Israel's gifted one,
Receives the laws, made by Virginia's son.

What, if new names are given to each State!
Inheritance will surely claim its own.
New ideas may be grafted, but the bloom
Produces fruit from early seedling sown.
And so in every State you'll find some trace
That proves to all VIRGINIA leads the race.

SACRIFICE.

When Jeptha's loving daughter was sacrificed
Because her father's sacred promise was held by nation's laws,
No secret impulse hastened with shielding power to save,
This child of firm devotion from a dark and cruel grave;
And when angels came to Joan commanding her to lead
Loved France until victorious, their guide in hour of need,
Triumph marked the epoch, but she who led was tried
And burned, a shame to people whose valor was their pride.
Then, intellectual promptings came not to help and shield
From wrath refined yet cruel, that willed no power to yield
Mercy for the helpless maidens, sacrificed for naught
Save love of home and country, for which one bravely fought.
'Twas only in a forest ruled by God alone,
That we find a simple maiden, uncultured and unknown,
Who, from nature's heart of pity, braved life and home for one
Selected as our leader—her work was nobly done.
Like Jonah once he journeyed when seas were rough and drear,
God's arm the bow-protective, no human aid was near;

But destiny directed, his life possessed a charm
That watched the steps of progress and saved his life from harm.
Some days his lonely wanderings were full of keen despair,
The silent thought "Forsaken" echoed everywhere.
His sun had lost its brightness by the thunder's constant din,
Still God's love in lightning flashes showed the glory hid within.
A nation's needs in balance it seemed to him were weighed,
Independence and tyranny the scale alternate swayed;
Stern tyranny was crushing from independence hope,
While under rule so hampered the weaker could not cope.
A band of men determined to break this iron weight,
To tip the scale for justice before it was too late;
They braved the dangers of the sea, battled wind and tide,
Lo! a haven beckoned; they knelt by Virginia's side.
This wonderful discovery, this mecca of delight,
This home of wealth and beauty greeted their anxious sight;
They revelled in its wildness; day after day arose
New charms to please the fancy, or yield them home's repose.
They rested in their haven, explored each cove and bay,
Strange scenes came to them often, gladdening their way;
Tears of night were gathered in morning's soft embrace,

And noon's glad smile of sunshine glowed in every face.
For shelter, home and freedom was theirs; they'd do and dare
To make a home, shield, guard and greet God's people to this sphere.
A land so fair to wander in; it pleased their mind and heart.
Possession's chart from King's own hand, each should have a part.
They did not know a Monarch ruled this broad domain,
With jealous care his warriors scouted hill and plain:
They brooked no intrusion; this place was theirs alone,
So when they saw the white man take what they deemed their own,
Vengeance swift came to him. He was tried, condemned to die,
Hope's star seemed fading from our first Colonial sky.
They spread his rocky death-bed near Powhatan's rough throne,
The brain that led his people was pillowed on a stone.
Sad was the heart of our Princess, pity filled her soul;
Chords of tender love-strains for the white man o'er her rolled;
She braved her father's anger, pleaded all she knew,
With courage born of freedom she braved the savage crew.
Huge clubs were raised above him, time measured just a span,

The love-child of their kingdom held in check the warlike clan;
While from their king, their ruler, came the command to stay!
Changed was the scene so cruel; all horror passed away.
So ever from beginning, a woman's tender love,
Rising above the human, inspired from above,
In mercy gave us justice, and millions yet to come
Will treasure grateful memories for the mother of our home.

LONE JOURNEY TO SAVE.

Close to the wigwam stood trembling the Indian maiden,
Hearing her father's command with anguish her heart was laden
For her white friends, who were resting securely in slumber.
Eager she hastened to warn them, though compassed by evils a number,
No fear was hers; she knew that her journey hid dangers,
Okee's good spirit would watch while she was warning the strangers.

Bivouacked on shore, Smith and his band waited morning,
When laboring through ice and snow came Pocahontas with warning.
Bravely, she urged them to leave, for her father's treachery cruel
Was weaving a snare; to stay would only add fuel:
So through the woods, heart over-burdened with sorrow,
Traveled the maiden alone. Grief hid fear, for she knew on the morrow
Sunshine would glow, but the friends so dear would be lying

Cold in death silence, their requiem the winds would be sighing.

* * * * * * * *

When day had gone, and night on duty bent
Stretched her grey curtain, forming sorrow's tent,
Our Indian Princess hastened to help and save
Unheeding ills from beast or dusky brave.
She had no fear; the ice beneath her feet
Glistened with jewels from Heaven's retreat
To light her path, to shine within her breast,
Mercy's oblation for her generous quest.

Why should she fear? From royal tribe she came;
Her duty first, then afterward the blame.
Life does not count if those we love need aid;
Theirs the sunshine, ours death's heavy shade.
No sacrifice too great, if duty's hand
Orders the way, bow to the stern command.
Unshrinking, then, we tread life's ways alone,
Giving our all, receiving just a stone:
Then take the stone, polish it with tears,
Let duty's chisel chip away hard cares;
Make for its setting Peace and pure content,
'Twill glow a radiance, Heaven sent.

BETRAYED.

Our Princess betrayed, on a vessel's deck watched the starry dome.
Forgot in silent wonder her people and her home.
The Great Bear called her children to drink from a golden cup,
She walked the milky highway nor paused to gather up
Jewels that twinkled ever, so eager to behold
More of the glittering wonder of this midnight gleaming gold.
Nature's pure creations were balm for the wounded heart,
The gentle loving spirit needed such to heal its smart.
Her hardest burdens came from those she knew and loved the best.
Yes, even cruel treachery soiled her savage nest.
Her hand was placed confidingly seeking a faithful guide;
But Japazaws deceitful, betrayed the trust, and lied:
He sold our royal Princess and little was his gain,
Her tender heart was tortured, her own had given pain.
Deprived of loving interest of those to her most dear;

The white form of their wigwams, their rude yet thoughtful
care;
She turned in bitter sorrow to nature seeking love,
And childlike found sweet comfort from her starry friends
above.
She sang her native war song when the sailors were asleep;
Pride hushed her voice when daylight threw its crimson o'er
the deep;
Told to the night her trials, how she longed for love and home,
For father, sister, brother, the hillside: many a moan
Wailed o'er the water. Still deep from the heart confiding
Came kind thoughts of her white friends, her trust in them
abiding.
Strangers may hurt, but the scar is only a tracing,
That fades quickly, in the rush and tread of our racing;
They touch very lightly, pass on and are felt never more;
We waft them farewell, there was nothing to make them
endure;
But the scar that love makes by its arrow of ire
Stays long and endures, burning deeper than fire.

FOREST LOVE.

When this great earth in silence breathed its space
Infinite will planned for creation's race;
Leaf spoke to leaf in loved tones sweeter far
Than rippling waters leaping over time's bar.

In those primeval days recorded of the Past,
When love joined hearts in tender, circling clasp;
That time when greed could never find a trace
Of selfishness in heart or nature's face;

When light, God's glory of our broad land,
Knew no controlling, electric band;
When simplicity alone at nature's court
Its tender wooing frankly wrought;

Love was the scepter, and love stood always true:
Responsive heart joys yielded homage due.
So, while the twilight chaperoned each bird
That cooed their tender music, sweetest ever heard.

The stars with twinkling laughter sought their twin love gay
To promenade together the glorious milky way:
Flirting, rejoicing, they revelled merry free
Until the moonbeams glistening, their light you could not see;
Then lingering near the shadows of an old, worn, honored oak,
Heart told its sacred meaning: Rolfe to the maiden spoke,

"I've sought 'mid the sands of Jamestown
For glittering grains of gold:
Yet the purest wealth my heart craves
Is the love your heart can hold.

So bold as your Indian warrior,
I want what to me is most dear:
Will you bless my home with your sunshine,
And gladden my life with your cheer?"

THE PRINCESS' REPLY.

At sunrise I see in its glimmering sheen
The outline of your dear face;
I rejoice that daylight is breaking
For me with wonderful grace.

When noon in fullness of rapture
  Quickens and wakes strange hope,
Shedding upon me love's mystery
  The glory of Heaven to cope,

Then music seems wafted around me,
  In waves of refining bliss;
My life is overburdened with joy,
  By the seal of your tender kiss.

When I watch the shadowing twilight,
  I tremble with fullness complete;
For I know the stars' rays are guarding
  And shielding us both 'till we meet.

Then I whisper my thought to each cloud wave,
  And hope that with you I may share
Joys that are yours for the asking,
  So I place my life in your care.

Now this Indian maiden will leave her home
  To walk through life by your side;
She will sell her birthright to others,
  And become the white man's bride.

* * * * * * * *

There's a whispering sound
  Close to my ear,
And it brings me a message
  That love is everywhere.

The lips and their whisper
  Are held by the bliss
That makes life ecstatic—
  Just purity's kiss.

BAPTISM OF POCAHONTAS.

Love's union in our colony needed faith's immortal sign
As foundation for a nation ordered by thought Divine.
For surely when the Prophets sought a land to them most fair,
A place where birds and flowers filled with joy the very air,
Prophetic vision must have seen this home that we adore,
And longing for our Paradise came to them more and more.

From chaos to creation's light there must have been a pause,
During which time one star appeared, Virginia, without flaws.
God saw with favor, smiled upon, and peopled it in pride,
Caused English heart to want and take an Indian for its bride.
Unless the blessing of the Church unites both heart and soul,
The result of earthly union never can great good unfold.

So they taught the Indian maiden
With love's light in her face,
To renounce the God she worshiped—
With Christians take her place.

With humble faith and reverence
She knelt before the cross;
This sign of hope blest she who came
To save our home from loss.

Selected? Yes. God chose our race
Made laws for woe or weal;
Caused the hand that rocked our cradle
To claim her soul's ideal.

All nations show the righteous deeds
Of heroes of past age;
To fascinate the mind of man,
They flash from History's page.

So this gift that came unto us,
By Rebecca's act divine,
Was our chivalrous Virginians:
Baptism was their sign.

Unseen by any human eye oft comes a blessing sure,
The humble heart, the trembling hand, receive a sacred cure:
Baptism, 'tis the coat of arms for every Christian guest—
Dove-like, its influence blesses all with love's imperial crest.

All nations—Roman, Greek and Jew—used consecrated signs,
Binding creature to Creator by inspiration lines:
And such a light, a lasting seal is placed upon our brow;
For time is showing to the world Virginia's triumph now.

THE WEDDING.

In Reality.

Our paths were marked out while yet we were not;
Watchers unseen guarded each lonely spot,
Like sentinels brave o'er hill and on plain,
Predestined they walked the wild, dreary main;
They selected the birthplace where liberty grew,
A small wooden structure where worshiped the few
That were faithful, that acknowledged God's will
As the only sure trust to hold them from ill.
They erected an altar and sang joyful praise
To the giver of good, who directed their ways.
'Twas a small wooden temple made from wood of new soil,
And it rose on the heart scars of courage and toil—
Their Leader of truth in a manger was laid,
But now rests in triumph: sin's debt has been paid.
That first church at Jamestown, though humble and small,
Proved an example, to those that would fall;
On its altar the first pledge of home love was laid;

There Rolfe of Old England claimed the young Indian maid,
He vowed to protect her 'till death, and through life;
The Church blest their union: he claimed her his wife.

* * * * * * * *

In Fancy.

Doubting and fear were cast far away,
The wild bird of Jamestown awoke to love's lay.
Prosperity's path was shown by the light
Of love's holy fire, true woman's birthright.
The aisles were arching pine trees, the seats the mossy bank;
The altar laughing sunbeams as behind the hills they sank,
The man and dusky maiden were silent, hand clasped hand,
Sealing vows eternal: this strange wedding of our land.
The sighs the winds were stealing, heart throbs filled the air;
Magnetic, simple love tones pulsed glory everywhere;
No telegraphic message came to them from afar;
Their happiness was central, no joy gate stood ajar.
Nature's solemn beauty made paths of vivid green,
The wedding march was chanted by song birds for a queen;
While each responsive echo heard in life's noisy whirl,
Said the old love of Virginia stands as guardian of the world.

Spain may have her beauties to charm the eyes of all;
England's royal titles the strong may cause to fall:
But the simple girl of Jamestown wields her power from
shore to shore,
And a blessing comes upon us from the crown of good she
wore.

POWHATAN'S BANNER.

Nations flaunt their challenge to the world,
Their battle flag; and proudly they'll unfurl
Its every fold, 'till slowly, one by one,
New stars appear proving glories won.

People hold their standard dearer far
Than all earth's sordid wealth from golden bar;
Tenderly furl its sacred folds away,
Or wave it boldly in the face of day.

Virginia's flag waved over every place,
From Atlantic's wild to Pacific's grace;
Born 'mid a season of distress and woe,
Powhatan's banner was the first you know

To hurl defiance from his Eden fort,
Against a greed that fortune-seekers sought:
The first to tread a tyrant under heel,
Or shelter hearts that for great mercy kneel.

Its motto then was Justice without fear—
Eye for an eye; life for a life. Beware!
The savage gave a quick and deadly thrust,
Pocahontas trailed their motto in the dust,

Placed on the shore where Jamestown's waters glide
Freedom's emblem, a grateful people's pride,
On its broad front stands Mercy strong and bold:
Virginia's ensign from a heart of gold.

HER LITTLE CHILD.

A vision I saw in ages long past
  Lone woman was seeking for aid;
A spirit compassionate came with relief,
  Near her heart an infant was laid.

A radium of light in poverty's home,
  Where humble wear motherhood's light,
And find in the mind developed by love
  Her own aspirations grown bright.

Faith, truth and virtue our Princess possessed,
  She yet needed one dearer charm:
Maternity's thorn crown added delight—
  Her child nestled close to her arm.

She crooned him the lays of her own forest home
  Where the wild bear and squirrel held sway,
By legends of wonder awoke in his mind
  Germs of virtue that could not decay.

How dear to a mother the form of her child—
Love's wonderful soul-filling dower;
A link holding earth to Heavenly grace,
Given only by infinite power.

Life's little span gave to her many hopes—
She saw him a warrior true,
Leading a nation whose freedom and might
A civilized home brought to view.

Into his eyes full of innocent light
Seemed mirrored in some magic way,
Honors and titles: her mother-heart wished
Success for him all of life's day.

His soft, dimpled hands she kissed with delight;
She knew that within their small space
Was his birthright. Honesty, charity, truth,
His gain from her dear native race.

She thought of the rough paths the dear little feet
Must tread ere to manhood he came;
Would he plod like a laborer day after day,
Or mark a bright pathway to fame?

Heart-beats are voices when those that we love
Are folded close, close to our breast;
They whisper, "I love you" in musical tones—
The mother-love knows all the rest.

MOTHER SQUAW.

The little ones in Indian town
  Had many pleasing dreams:
The waving grass, the singing birds,
  The ripples on the streams,
Were just so many legend signs
  Of gifts and pleasures rare,
That filled them with a wild delight,
  While roaming far and near.

The waves which danced upon the tide
  Were tiny mermaids free,
That trembled when the sun's bright wish
  Sought kisses from the sea:
The little ones would try to grasp
  The wavelets gleaming bright;
But under-tow would catch each form,
  Its beauty hide from sight.

A warrior once near Goose Hill Reach,
His children left to play,
While he went hunting in the woods,
And there he bade them stay;
Their laughter, shouts and singing noise
Awoke the sea-dog wild—
The warrior from his hunting came,
But could not find a child.

The sea-gulls screamed about their fate,
And whistled painful sighs;
The waters smiled and knowing looked,
While bathing sightless eyes.
On yellow clay their bodies lie,
Washed by each surging tide;
Reeds and grasses formed a pall,
Their tiny frames to hide.

A child one day, while out at play,
Broke up a wild bird's nest;
The mother-bird with anger stirred,
Started a searching quest.
Every child that took an egg

Was carried through the air;
Far, far away they had to stay,
Without a mother's care.

In grasses high the children rolled
With merry freedom wild;
They listened to the green leaves tell
About a papoose child,
That strayed from home and fell asleep,
One gentle summer day;
The grasses made for him a bed—
He stays with them alway.

You hear him cry when wind-kissed leaves
Are pulsing with new joy;
He sobs and mourns when north winds come,
The tender grass destroy.
Rough, blasting winds leave his grave bare;
Then rootlets whisper low,
"Do all you're told that's for your good—
Much happiness you'll know."

The wild bear prowling round for food
Your little bones will crack,

Will leave you dead to all the world:
  Keep in your own home track,
For should you wander far away,
  The moon will hide her glow,
And every child that's not at home
  Will many sorrows know.

In moonbeams bright they see the face
  Of One who gave them home;
And when they die, on glimmering rays
  Climb to their starry dome.
The twinkling stars were little birds
  On happy hunting ground;
They seemed so real to childish minds,
  They paused to catch some sound.

'Twas summer always in Indian town
  Until an old squaw came;
Took all the swans from bay and cove—
  The troublesome old dame,
Carried them up high in the air
  Until the clouds were grey;
Then wove a shroud, pure and white,
  To clothe a winter day.

Sometimes the north wind rudely tore
The wigwams from their hold;
Then scattered tribes would bravely try
To find another fold:
Then mother squaw with tender care,
Each little papoose took,
Until the wigwams offered rest—
Found each a mossy nook.

From youth to age the Indian knows
His faithful, trusted friend
Is mother squaw, and well he knows
On her he may depend:
For she will carry every load,
Be steadfast to each brave,
When danger comes, with courage firm,
She'll give her life to save.

SMITH AND POCAHONTAS.

'Mid wilds of savage ignorance Smith cheered and brightened
days,
Told of his home, was kind and true, amused in many ways;
The child that loved and trusted him he taught with care
and pride;
He awoke the latent intellect, sent inquiry far and wide,
Until from savage darkness a thoughtful soul was born,
And claimed the right of kinship on that first primeval morn.

So when he acted distant in lands where stranger reigned,
Her tenderness was wounded, his coldness must be feigned.
She drew a picture of the past to justify her act,
How before her father's warriors he made a firm compact,
Had smoked the "pipe of peace" with them, their sign of
friendly aid,
So won the hope and favor of the little Indian maid.

* * * * * * * *

Thoughts born of the soul's affection are lasting, their in-
fluence supreme;

Dear children that bloom in mind's garden their fragrance one happy dream;
They prove that the gifts lavish nature in dual form gives to man,
Make him walk this earth a human crudely joined to Heaven a span.
We meet, love and part, seeking ideals, that vanish before they are won;
We clothe them with wisdom ethereal, but pause ere the effort is done,
To note that some force of the human has loosened and pressed far away,
The folding of purity's mantle: we find that our "idol is clay."

Unison comes with the heart press, that crimsons the face when we meet:
Soul speaks to soul, using language too sacred for earth's cold retreat.
For many are truly wedded that have never dreamed of love;
Different paths were theirs, marching Heavenward, joined hearts at God's altar above:
Thus the pure mind of our Princess sought an ideal that Rolfe could not yield.

With absolute faith turned to John Smith, as her intellectual shield.

The past proves that friendship is stronger, more lasting than love ever knew;

A compact made sacred by David will always find Jonathan true.

So Damon may proudly stand waiting the return of his firm-trusted friend;

Strong earthly ties cannot hold him: on Pythias he can surely depend.

True friendship's a Ruth who, when cares are the hardest, is eager to share

Every trial, and is willing to glean, relieving her loved ones of care.

Love dies by its intense emotions, leaves ashes where once flames were bright;

While friendship is a flame everlasting, burning steadfast with unending light.

What must I do with my hope?
Bury it? There is no clod so heavy
But its germ will break through,
To blossom each springtime
With kind thoughts for you.

Forget you? Every song of the wild bird
That flies through the air,
Sends your tender voice to my eager ear.
Earth, air and science combine with fine grace,
For wherever I look I see your kind face.

Then what shall I do with this gift Heaven sent?
It brings pain and tears, but I can't repent;
I'll remember each kindness that holds you so dear,
And bless you in silence, till time brings me cheer.

REST IN PEACE.

Gone far away! Is she sleeping or dead?
Lay your hand gently upon her dear head;
Look in her eyes gazing hard into space:
Surely our countryman's interest you'll trace.
For what was most dear to body and soul,
Leaves impress forever though ages may roll.

Gone far away! Is she dreaming of home?
Open death's portals, her spirit must roam.
See! She is playing on Jamestown's fair shore;
Watch, while the surges roll in more and more.
Bearing loved visions, each sure-coming tide
Leaves on the lone beach scenes that abide.

Gone far away! Do the dead know the past?
A group of sad men, by winter's rude blast,
Driven on shore, while in quest of free thought,
Would have perished: she relief surely wrought:
They place bright flowers on her silent bier,
And honor her ever for her tender care.

Gone far away! Did you see in time's face
Outlined a profile of exquisite grace?
Who stood guard, protected our country that's free—
Carefully look for the face of our Lee;
Or was it Washington's hand on his sword,
Who leaped into life by your magic word?

Gone far away! Lay her child near her heart;
Her sleep may be deep: she surely will start,
Breathe once again, when her child's loving voice
Pierces death's portals her heart will rejoice;
Will sever each band and in fond mother pride,
Leave her won Heaven to dwell by his side.

Gone far away! Was your springtime too fair?
Our Sandalphon angel, age with strange care
Spared every impress: Time must not mar
Your young gracious spirit, our angelic star:
For youth is yours forever, no age marks to hide,
Just morning loveliness—Jamestown's young bride.

RESULT.

Result is the echo of motive's deeds,
Flowers the wealth from smallest seeds;
Contentment is born on sorrow's grave,
From death's despair comes power to save.
We bury the hatchet under the plough—
Where blood was shed the corn grows now;
Wild flowers kissed men's tired feet,
But now lie dead on progress' street.
Hope like Minerva leaped into life,
Civilization resulting where crudeness was rife;
From Judas' betrayal, his longing for greed,
Rises salvation, Christianity creed.

In a wind-stricken forest a sapling sought life,
'Twas all that was left after struggle and strife,
Its rootlets were nurtured by heroic blood,
Which sent through each branch its life-giving flood;
'Till leaf, bud and blossom responded with pride,

And scattered their odors over vale and hillside.
The sapling's a tree, its branches reach forth
To offer protection to East, West and North;
Its roots find the slumbering ashes of those
That gave their life's blood, then sought earth's repose.
Cut deep on the trunk of this wonderful tree
Is its name, just "Virginia," the home of the free.

LAMENT.

List, from the past comes the voice of the Red Man
  Telling of days filled with sunshine and glow;
Days when through forests he hunted the wild deer
  A trophy soon gained by the strength of his bow.

Hard throbs his heart torn by wild desolation,
  Grief for his home shakes his strong heavy frame;
Tears from the fountain of grief's sad emotion
  Tremble and linger, but pride holds the rein.

Once he was king of this grand Old Dominion—
  Ruled all the land from each ocean-bathed shore,
Towered by right of primeval possession,
  Contented to own, all was his to explore.

Heart longings plead for nativity's shelter,
  Places are sacred that first claimed the eye;
Home is the magnet, the charm for the wanderer—
  When that is gone, then life is a sigh.

See how the warrior accepts his position!
Small is the Reserve he now calls his own.
Gone is the war dance, canoe and strong quiver;
His heart almost breaks for his dear native home.

Just one strong breath from his old forest tangle,
Swelling the chest with the scent of the pines;
Shouting the war-cry he hies to the woodland,
Checked is his progress by civilized lines.

Far from the West comes the wail of a nation,
Freighted with sorrow, despair and regret—
Of ties that were severed by war's desolation,
And days overshadowed by cloud hid sunset.

Now from the darkness a minor chord rises;
Wrongs sweep the heart strings again and again;
Sounding a wail of suppressed indignation,
Then comes the mournful low echo, "Amen!"

FINALE.

Trailing arbutus buds I've found,
  Under pines and forest lore;
Tied them with Indian memories
  Of days that come no more,
In honor of the maiden,
  Who, from creation's mine,
Gave to Virginia's people
  This glorious Southern clime.
I place this simple tribute;
  Know, too, it's little done,
For the saving of our Nation
  By her was bravely won.
Now, when in Southern forests
  Brush leaves and pines aside;
Twine wreaths of sweet arbutus,
  For John Rolfe's Indian bride.

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